NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.
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162 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 1897.

THE DEMAND FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

Few things bearing upon public conditions are more interesting than the rapid development of the demand for the public ownership of natural monopolies—particularly for the municipal ownership and management of such municipal monopolies as street railways, telephones, gas and electric lighting systems. Men who half a decade ago would have dismissed a demand for such public ownership with the contemptuous and all-sufficing epithet "socialism," now approve it, though some few try to discover some means to defeat it without denying its justice.

The newspapers of New York yesterday chronicled the creation of a political organization which shows every sign of being a positive and effective factor in the coming municipal campaign, made up as it is of labor organizations and Democratic clubs. Its declaration of principles covers some ground perhaps foreign to a municipal election, but this plank in its platform is one which might well be made the test for popular approval in the Fall:

We believe that the sources of wealth which are natural or spring from population centring in one place belong to the whole people and should not be held as instruments of private gain or profit. We, therefore, favor not only municipal ownership of all public franchises, but their actual operation and management by the municipal government.

Five years ago a declaration of this character would have been held distinctly Socialistic. A cry like that which bankers raise to-day against the greenbacks would have been sounded then by men who to-day approve the principle of municipal ownership, though some doubt its immediate practicability. "Let the Government go out of the banking business," shouted the bankers in unison last Fall when they were actively engaged in going into the governing business. The few but exceedingly fortunate beneficiaries of municipal monopolies would doubtless cry out to-day against the city going into the lighting, power or street railway business, but the masses of the people, discerning how selfish, corrupting and sinister is the influence of the corporations which to-day control those monopolies, will agree that there would be little more "politics" in a public ownership of the Gas Trust, for example, than there is to-day under its corporate ownership.

It is only fair to say that a sensible and efficient measure of civil service reform should precede any considerable extension of the functions of this or any other municipality. On the other hand, it is reasonable to point out that the more nearly the duties of public officials touch the daily needs or comforts of the citizens the more effective is the pressure of public sentiment for efficient service. To-day it may be doubted whether the street railways of New York are as economically managed or as creditably manned as either the Police or the Fire Department. Enriching their owners, they give the people the least acceptable service. Under municipal ownership either reduced rates of fare or the transfer to the general public of the profits now enjoyed by the few would infallibly result.

The new "Progressive Democratic League" will not be alone in its demand for municipal ownership of natural monopolies.

A GREAT PARTY'S PLIGHT.

A certain melancholy has fallen upon the Republican and Mugwump countenances in these days of power and fruition. The delicate plant of Prosperity doesn't seem to be doing well. That is bad enough, but what especially induces sadness is the circumstance that the sinister Democrat, the ebullient Jingo and the loathly Populist cannot be held accountable for the failure of Confidence to restore itself as per ante-election promise. The advance agent of prosperity having been chosen at the polls, confidence ought to have swept over the happy land like a beneficent tidal wave. Explanations of why it did not were instantly furnished.

First, it was the persistence of the Democrats in agitating the silver question.

Then it was the insanity of the Jingoes in alarming the business interests by goading ancient, rotten and feeble Spain up to the point of threatening this intrepid nation with the weight of her mailed hand.

But now discussion of the silver question is temporarily suspended, and only the very sanguine hope that our business interests will be shocked by this Republic doing anything to help the patriots of Cuba and provoke the vengeance of mighty Spain.

Obviously it is the tariff debauch at Washington that has played the mischief with confidence and put up the bars against the advance of prosperity.

And the Republicans and Mugwumps cannot ask even the marines to believe that the Democrats, Jingoes or Populists are responsible for the Dingley bill.

MR. BAILEY MAY PAINT HIMSELF BLUE.

Texas will smile at the incapacity of the pampered and effete East to understand the position of Mr. Bailey, her Representative, in the matter of the claw-hammer. That she will approve of his refusal to wear the garment, even at a stately stag dinner given by the President, is certain, and that she will applaud his resolution to keep away from the contaminating society of those who do put on the spiketail is doubly certain. They have no more use for the clawhammer in Texas than Nevada has for the silk hat. When in Reno, a town of the latter Commonwealth, a sheep herder playfully banged the silk hat of a visiting stranger over his eyes with a revolver, the sheep herder was arrested, it is true. But the law took cognizance of the incident only because the wearer of the destroyed tile was knocked insensible and needed stitches in his scalp.

"We find," said the Court, in discharging the prisoner, "that the assault complained of was only technically an assault, being perpetrated without malice against the person incidentally injured thereby. It is contended by the prosecution that the complainant, being an American citizen, a resident in the State of Massachusetts, was in the exercise of his rights under the Constitution when wearing a stovepipe. The Court admits that it is the privilege of every citizen under our free system to enjoy life and liberty and pursue happiness. But we do not favor strained constructions. Custom has the local effect of law. An American citizen may legally part his hair or name, or both, in the middle; he may wear a single eyeglass; he may suck a cane; he may curl his mustache and encase his feet in patent leather shoes, but if he has sense he will exercise these legal rights of his beyond the borders of a sovereign State which despises no man because he wears a ragged coat—a sovereign State which has a sturdy masculine abhorrence of all forms of effeminacy on the part of the sterner sex. No dudes are wanted in the sage brush. Case dismissed."

Texas, equally with Nevada, is entitled to her views, and Mr. Bailey is not justly to be immolated because he stands by his State. In the judgment of many it is better to wear a swallow-tail than to make a fuss about it, but that is a very modern notion. Through many centuries church and state regarded dress as a matter of sufficient importance for statutes and pulpit eloquence. And not dress alone, but other things deemed of but trifling moment in this age of inferior earnestness and piety. When, for example, forks were introduced to England from Italy in the time of Elizabeth, the preachers thundered against the innovation as a sign of luxury that could not fail to bring down upon the kingdom the wrath of heaven. If the church might take forks in this spirit why may not Mr. Bailey, of Texas, be permitted to eye with bitter aversion and profound seriousness the forked-tail coat? Mr. Bailey has a right to wear what he pleases. He will have a right to paint his body blue with woad, like an early Briton, if his taste runs that way, and to line his face with the rest of the national colors should he ever deign to sit down at meat in the White House. Also it will be his clear privilege to give three cheers instead of saying grace. Mr. McKinley will capture Mr. Bailey for his dinner table yet. Such a guest is worth trying for. Texas was counted a doubtful State by Mr. Hanna in the late campaign.

A SUGGESTIVE PARALLEL.

To-day was to have been the beginning of the blockade of the Greek ports by the fleet of the powers, though it seems probable that this scheme of inept oppression will yet be delayed, if not altogether withdrawn. It is also interesting to remember that to-day is the great Greek anniversary of that outbreak of the war of independence in 1821 which led to the establishment of the Hellenic nation.

The attitude of the great powers toward the struggling Greeks at the outset and through the greater part of her heroic struggle was closely analogous to their far less defensible position to-day. Russia was openly hostile, and so, too, Bourbon France and England frowned on the insurgents. They looked on the aspirations of the Greeks as the mere ebullition of that revolutionary furor which had recently culminated in Napoleonism. For two years the unequal struggle was maintained by Greece, and no finger was raised to help her against the savage Ottoman till after the massacre of Chios in 1822, a tragedy so unspeakably cruel and devilish as to shock even the callous hearts of diplomatic Christendom. It was then that Canning, the English Prime Minister, as spokesman of the English people, made a ringing protest. The outcome was warning to Turkey against her methods and the cruising of the allied fleets of England, France and Russia in the Aegean to prevent similar carnivals of Moslem murder. Yet nothing was done directly to assist the Greeks till an accident cut the Gordian knot. The allied fleet on October 27, 1827, cruising in the vicinity of the Bay of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet lay at anchor, put into that port for temporary harborage. The Turks, believing the advance hostile, opened with their guns, and the battle of Navarino, which resulted, ended with the annihilation of Ottoman naval power. There was no war between Turkey and the powers, and the happy catastrophe, which aroused European diplomacy from its lethargy and indifference, was literally the issue of a blunder. After this the Greeks were enabled to finish their revolution with the help of foreign allies.

King George may see to-day in the attitude of Europe the possibility of an early change in sentiment and treatment, which an unexpected accident may at any time bring about. In spite of the bullying of the powers, their uncertainty and uneasiness, their shilly-shally changes of purpose and their fretfulness prove that they are almost as much in the dark as are the private spectators of the big game of blindman's buff. The Hellenes and their King in reality hold the trump cards in their hands. They have much to gain and but little to lose. It is inconceivable that, if the Greeks are defeated in the war, which seems imminent, the European powers will allow their enemies to wreak any substantial injury on Hellenic territory. If successful, it will be as glorious as were Marathon, Thermopylae and Salamis. In the meantime King George may reasonably anticipate some rich prize in the chapter of accidents to which European history has now opened its dramatic and blood-stained pages.

THE CHICAGO ELECTION.

Citizens of Chicago to-day will have an opportunity to vote for any one of six candidates for Mayor, and the Journal is earnestly assured by the manager of each aspirant that he is sure to win. Each candidate has unusual personal qualities of his own—a fact which is not perhaps extraordinary, for no Chicago man could be wholly commonplace. One of the six has been in an insane asylum once and several times in jeopardy of recommitment. He has outdone John Randolph of Roanoke, who was once forced—despite his constant insistence upon Jeffersonian simplicity—to plead guilty of driving a coach-and-six, being "two horses, two niggers and two dogs." The Chicago Mayor-elect—for we are assured he will be elected—has been known to drive a tandem of four, made up of a mule and a horse in front and a pointer and a bulldog behind.

A second candidate, equally certain of election, is famous for having been an Alderman in Chicago and still honest. A third has the most extraordinary pair of whiskers in the world, and is furthermore famed for being the only Democrat ever known to resign a $5,000 a year postoffice. This fact alone would have cast grave doubt on his Democracy even had he not supported certain persons named Palmer and Buckner, who were supposed to be running for office in the late campaign. A fourth Mayoralty aspirant is a Judge of the Circuit Court, an excellent Socialist and a proponent of the theory that department stores—which are, by the way, fairly good Socialistic object lessons—ought to be prohibited by law. A fifth candidate is Carter H. Harrison, who, like his distinguished father, enjoys the undivided hostility of the Chicago newspapers, and ought therefore to be elected. An exceedingly fortunate town is Chicago. The choice offered to its voters could scarcely be improved upon in a three-ring circus. And while we notice that Mr. Harrison's activity in the recent Bryan campaign and his indorsement of the Chicago platform seems to be greatly disquieting some of our local contemporaries, we are willing to admit that his election would not be exclusively a sign of approval of free silver—it would just be a very striking indication that Chicago, which gave Mark Hanna's party of elusive prosperity something more than 50,000 majority, is exceedingly sick of its bargain.

The Mugwump newspapers are scolding Senator Gorman furiously because the Maryland man sees fit to make an occasional call at the White House. Senator Gorman's refusal to mourn over the retirement of Mr. Cleveland is awfully exasperating.

Governor Pingree's advocacy of woman suffrage in Michigan furnishes another scare for the politicians of that State. They suspect it is his intention to make some female member of the Pingree family Mayor of Detroit.

The Weather Bureau came to the rescue of the Western flood sufferers with a prediction that the waters would continue to rise. Since that time the decline has been marked and steady.

The retroactive feature of the Dingley bill is designed to enable the contributors to Mr. Hanna's campaign fund to grab both ways for their returns.

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

But for an intuitive and ever watchful parent, Homer Davenport, distinguished cartoonist, might now be winning laurels as an honored and respected shoemaker at Silverton, Ore., a town of fully 800 inhabitants. Less than ten years ago the lanky cartoonist apprenticed himself to the village cobbler, and was making rapid strides in his chosen profession when something happened.

"For nearly a year I sat in the shoemaker's little den whittling leather for want of something better to do," said Davenport. "The cobbler kept his knives in the pink of condition, and I sat and whittled and whittled. One day he said to me: 'Homer, why don't you learn the trade if you are so fond of cutting leather?' I said I'd rather be a shoemaker than anything else on earth, so Sim said he would teach me.

"That same day we drew up a set of indentures in regular form. We both signed, and I was thus regularly apprenticed. For the first year I agreed to work for my board and then receive whatever I might be worth. Already I could see myself sitting on a leather bench half-soling boots for the farmers. My sleep was troubled and broken that night, and by 4 o'clock in the morning I stood on the sidewalk in front of the shop waiting to take my first lesson. Sim, being somewhat luxurious in his habits, did not show up until 9 o'clock.

"'Well, Homer,' he said, 'trade is slack just now, but I'll tell you what we'll do. In the alley back of my house there are two cords of wood. Go down, saw the sticks once in the middle and throw them over the fence.'

"This struck me as a unique departure in the shoemaking line, but being duly bound to Sim I went. The bucksaw was the worst I ever tackled, but I kept at it for an hour, when who should come sauntering down the alley but my father, driving a cow. I had neglected to get up the cow in my excitement that morning, and he had hunted her himself. With my back turned I kept on sawing, hoping he wouldn't recognize his only son. But the cow knew me and stopped to look. I kept on sawing.

"'Hi, there,' said my father. 'What's up?'

"I said nothing, but sawed wood.

"'Homer, what the dickens are you doing here?'

"'Learning the shoemaker's trade,' I replied.

"I could see his face working under his whiskers for about three minutes, and then he said, with much feeling:

"'Well, my boy, if you're not playing any favorite come home and learn the trade. I've got six cords of wood that need sawing.'

"So I chucked Sim's rusty saw over the fence and sneaked home. That same day father called on the shoemaker, and in the course of their remarks my indentures were cancelled. But ambition soared in a new direction, and I became a baseball umpire inside of three weeks."

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Repeated mutterings of a pie eating contest between gastronomic champions of Brooklyn and New York have plunged this mighty city into the throes of a pie reform. Too much public attention has been called to the pie all at once, and as a result office boys, lady stenographers, messenger boys and down town clerks are trembling with apprehension. But the new reform movement does not threaten the pastry like mother used to bake. It is the indigestible armor plate five-cent pie of commerce against which the wave is sweeping. The deadly lunch counter pie that sticks to pan and plate with soggy persistence has aroused the true American spirit and called for reforms in pie. One American in St. Mark's place, who poses as an authority on our national pastry, has this to say on the subject of pie:

"If it is true that Superintendent John Jasper, of the public schools, has instituted a crusade against bakery pies he is entitled to great praise. Nothing could be more indigestible than the miserable, lard-soaked covers of cheap pies which are little more than embalming dough. Whenever I eat pie in restaurants I open the lids and look inside. In all cheap pies I simply find fresh dough about one-third baked. It is a surprise to me that the Board of Health has never taken any action. Probably nine people out of ten daily eat these five-cent bakery pies, which do more to ruin the digestion than anything else. Let us have a pie reform. It is the great American dessert, and ought to be fit for an American to eat."

This is the opening gun. If an honored institution is to be preserved let the iron heel of reform forever crush the five-cent pie with embalmed covers.

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Up to the age of fifty-nine years Joseph Hogan, of West Fifty-second street, had never mingled in the realms of good society. He had no inclination that way, and, besides, his occupation of hostler kept him too busy. But the other night Hogan's niece wedded a coachman, and the hostler attended the festivities in the first white shirt he had ever owned. The polished bosom of the garment abashed Hogan. He felt guilty and out of place inside the shirt, and said so. No good would ever come of splurging and trying to live above his station, Hogan declared. Two days later he sent the shirt to a laundry. That night a fire occurred in the laundry and the shirt was lost—totally incinerated—and Hogan is easy in his mind once more. The only merit in this story, from a social or any other point of view, is that the incident actually occurred.

Neglected Education.

[Atchison Globe.]

"He came up and struck me," said a prisoner in the Police Court, "and I didn't do a thing to him." The Judge who understood slang, fined the prisoner $10, and the prisoner, who didn't understand slang, got the worst of it.

A Chicago Suggestion.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

War is a great deal worse than prize fights, and somewhat more fatal. How would it do to prevent the exhibition of pictures showing how soldiers met death bravely at Waterloo, Lexington, Bunker Hill and Gettysburg?

A Popular Belief.

[Washington Star.]

It is to be feared that there are many otherwise enlightened people in this country who labor under the impression that all a President of the United States has to do is sign documents and shake hands.

One More.

[Washington Post.]

With proper acknowledgments to Hon. John L. Sullivan, Hon. William E. Mason believes there is just one more White House call in him.

Troubled Man.

[Atchison Globe.]

Every time a man looks thoughtful as long as two minutes at a time, his wife begins to wonder what is on his conscience.

THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music...The Heart of Maryland	Knickerbocker .....The Serenade
American Theatre.....The New Dominion	Koster & Bial's.....Gayest Manhattan
Bijou.....Courted Into Court	Lyceum Theatre.....The Mayflower
Columbus Theatre.....Hogan's Alley	Madison Square Garden....Barnum & Bailey
Daly's .....Tempest	Murray Hill.....Darkest Russia
Empire.....Under the Red Globe	Olympia Music Hall.....In Great New York
Eden Musee.....World of Wax	People's Theatre.....Hanlon's Superba
Fifth Ave. Theatre.Tess of the d'Urbervilles	Pastor's Theatre .....Vaudeville
Grand Opera House.....The Politician	Pleasure Palace—Music Hall, 1:30 P. M.; 7 P. M.
Garrick Theatre.....Never Again	Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M.
Garden Theatre.....Denise	Star Theatre.....A Texas Steer
Hoyt's Theatre.....A Black Sheep	Wallack's .....Miss Manhattan
Herald Square.....The Girl from Paris	Weber & Field's.....Under the Red Globe
Harlem Opera House.Jack and the Beanstalk	14th St. Theatre.....Sweet Inniscarra
Huber's 14th St. Museum.....Vaudeville	
Keith's .....Continuous Performance	

WEATHER FOR TO-DAY.—Probably showers, followed by fair weather; wind shifting to westerly.

THE FAT MAN'S DELIVERANCE.

A Lenten Comedy of Human Nature in Four Acts.

Chapter I—Shadow of a Calamity.

HE fat humorist was sad. And he the man who prided himself on being "perpetually jocund." They are his exact words; but perhaps, after all, they might have been merely his trade mark. Now the giant lines of his chubby face all seemed to take a downward turn, and were as pathetic as barren water courses in a land of plenty.

There was woe in his voice, quite as deep as one of his midday potations, and the happy, rubicund tinge of his face took on the deeper color-tone of tragedy. These metamorphoses are always distressing to behold. It is a melancholy thing, indeed, to have the sun obscured.

The blow was about to fall, and it took all of his stoutness of heart to nerve him to meet it. And any other man would have been appalled; but he stood grimly and unshaken in the shadow of a great calamity.

Chapter II.—Joker's Millennium.

ND he had only himself to blame. It happened in this way: Three months before Fortune had nearly made him round-shouldered under the weight of the good things she had showered upon him. He was in great demand. His pen was as incessant as the scratch of a barnyard fowl.

The whole world seemed famished for jokes, and he rang the changes on the new woman, the home-made pie, the janitor, the tramp and a long array of good old friends. And he almost faluted in joyful surprise when he disposed of a stock of left-over mother-in-law and mule quips.

"I'm in it with both feet," said he, paraphrasing that well known passage from Sophocles.

Everything that came from his pen sold. The roll of bank notes in the top drawer of the bureau grew larger and greener, his wife became the possessor of a sealskin coat that was the envy of the neighborhood, and the children had candy for breakfast, dinner and supper.

Now, the heart of the fat humorist is as broad as his body. It seemed selfish to him that he and his should revel in plenty with no outsider to share it. Why not invite the Perkinses on to spend a week or two?

His wife raised a mild objection, but the fat man wouldn't consider it.

"By all means invite 'em to come," said he. "They've never been East, and they'll enjoy the trip. Besides, they think we are living from hand to mouth; but we'll just paralyze 'em with our style. Why, say, they'll think the advance agent of prosperity has begun business right here in this house."

And the humorist took the roll of bills from the bureau drawer and patted it affectionately. "We have never done any entertaining yet," he continued, "and now is the time. The Perkinses will carry the news back to Kankakee and make all of our old friends pop-eyed with envy."

That argument was conclusive.

Chapter III.—Uppercut by Fate.

HE Perkinses were invited. They could not accept the invitation at once, but would come as soon as they could "get ready." Six weeks had passed, but they had not yet completed their preparations. And then the joke market took a slump!

It was something terrible! In one whole week the fat humorist was able to dispose of only three jokes, and that at cut rates. "Humor is dead," said he in disgust. "I think I'll turn blacksmith. They don't want anything that is good, and the man who gets in something real funny by some mischance is sure to get blacklisted."

In the meantime the roll in the bureau drawer was being steadily diminished; but when the good wife suggested that they economize by cutting off the children's allowance of candy, the fat man, who even then was developing into a hero, replied: "The kids shall have their candy as long as there is a red cent in the house. Do not let us hasten to cast a blight upon their innocent lives."

Soon the roll was exhausted. Likewise the patience of the grocer, who stood outside of his store and said unkind things whenever the fat humorist passed. With the landlord it was different. He appreciated a funny story, and was the recipient of all those left unsold. What a blessing it is that some folks have a real appreciation of the genuinely humorous!

At last Lent came, and with it a letter telling that the Perkinses were coming. If this had happened to his best friend the fat man would have chuckled and written a funny story. But it was different, this dilemma of his. It was tragic.

Chapter IV.—Birth of an Idea.

HE beer in the stein stood untasted and became flat, like a good joke gone to waste. But the fat man did not care. Which was more than strange, for never before in the history of the man had good Munich beer been so humiliated. Of course, the day would come when he would regret this callous indifference, but just at this time his mind was occupied with other things.

His cynical friend, who had heard his story, was unsympathetic. There are friends who always smile at our misery, and offer for consolation misfit fragments of philosophy in which they have no belief themselves.

"It is just this way, cul," said the fat man. "I would not mind it if I had that grocer fixed, but he is a coarse, sordid brute. And I hate coarse persons. We'll never be friends. If the little Perkinses are like their father they'll have their appetites with them."

"Serves you right," said the cynic. "You have brought it all on yourself."

"I know it," wearily asserted the fat man. "And those Perkinses will be here to-morrow. I hate like blazes to let them get the laugh on us. Ah! pride goeth before a fall, and I'm a little over-weight for any sort of tumbling."

"You'll have to stand up like a man and do your penance," said the cynic, maliciously.

"Penance!" almost shrieked the fat man. "Penance!"

The seared courses amid the rosy hills of his face suddenly became full, overflowing streams, that laughed, eddied and danced in the sunshine of deliverance.

"Penance! You bet I'll do penance! We'll keep Lent like good church folk, and the Perkinses shall starve with us. We can live off a ten-cent box of shredded codfish a day.

"Penance! Why, my boy, heaven bless you for the thought. Here Katie, bring us some fresh beer, and pack it in well. Penance! That's a great, a luminous thought!"

RANDOLPH C. LEWIS.

Jester's Chorus.

"Perfidious woman!" he hissed, through his clenched teeth.

"Oh, why do you speak thus?" she faltered.

"Thou well knowest!"

Such was probably the fact.

Almost anybody could see that his teeth did not fit very well and had to be kept clenched if they were to be hissed through with any degree of comfort.—Detroit Journal.

"And the divorce laws are so very liberal in your section?"

"Liberal? Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."—Detroit Journal.

"What is your new painting called?"

"'The Gleaner.'"

"Ah, a young girl with a sickle and a bundle of grain?"

"No; an elderly girl with a flat pocketbook and an armful of bargain dry goods."—Chicago Record.

Spats—I see some people are inclined to disbelieve the story of Balaam's ass talking. I guess they think it a regular fish story.

Socratoots—Then they ought to believe it. I have seen pike speak.—Pittsburg News.

"What's the matter between Bilims and his typewriter?"

"He thought when he hired her that he was going to dictate to her, but he has discovered his mistake."—Detroit Free Press.

"What would happen if the roof of the tunnel should give way?"

"Oh, I suppose, a few bottom layers of the river would drop through."—Chicago Tribune.

"That Charlie Pinchback is a mean man."

"What has he done?"

"You know he's engaged to Tilda Rickrack. Well, he found a ring somewhere at a bargain and gave it to her. It was too small for her finger. What do you suppose he did?"

"What?"

"Advised her to diet until she could get it on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Going out to the club with that party to-morrow night?"

"No; I can't. Are you?"

"I should say I was. Young Mrs. Wallingford is to be the chaperon, and, say, an hour's flirting with her is worth a week with any one else."—Cleveland Leader.

"We are right under the river now, aren't we?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes," answered the North Sider, glancing through the window of the street car at the electric lights flitting past. "Right under the Chicago River."

"I thought you said you would never permit your wife to ride a bicycle?"

"Pooh, that's no bicycle. Couldn't you see it was oneof them old '96 models?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The king started violently.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed.

The nurse had come out and was holding up two fingers significantly.

"Well, that beats me," was all His Majesty could be got to say for upward of a week, during which time the cheap cigar factories of the realm were pushed to their utmost capacity.—Detroit Journal.

"Ah, me!" she moaned in her misery.

Her face was haggard and drawn.

You could almost believe that in those few minutes of suffering she had lived a century; or possibly run one on her wheel.—Detroit Journal.

The Princess and Her Gypsy in Paris.

Paris, March 24.—The ex-Princess Caraman-Chimay, once—to the everlasting shame of American womanhood—Miss Clara Ward, of Detroit, has brought her Hungarian enslaver, Janci Rigo, to Paris, and establish him at the Hotel Terminus, where the two are living together as M. and Mme. Riquet, billing and cooing like a pair of mud turtle-doves, and doing the town for all it is worth, incidentally making themselves as conspicuous as possible in the most fashionable restaurants and at the opera and theatres. The shamelessness of this unfortunate pervert passes all belief. She is as proud of the notoriety she has achieved as a normal woman might be of the conquest of a Crichton. People who read descriptions of the gypsy lover are inclined to believe that he is not fairly treated as to his personal appearance by reason of the prejudice that any writer of decent instincts would naturally have against him. I thought so until I saw him at Paillard's restaurant, with his protectress the evening of their arrival in Paris. I found that I was mistaken. No description can do an injustice to this preposterous pander. Rigo has three of the physical characteristics that Lombroso attributes to the degenerate—the prognathous jaw, the outstanding ears and the eyebrows grown together. In a musician's uniform, sufficiently upholstered, and surrounded by others of his type similarly clothed, he might not be absolutely offensive to the eye. In the dress of a gentleman, as his mistress had togged him out, he was a spectacle calculated to aggravate all the five senses at once. He looked as much out of place in his black coat and white shirt front, among ladies and gentlemen, as if he had worn a workingman's blouse.

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It was a romantic sentiment that prompted "Madame Riquet" to bring the gypsy to Paillard's the night of their arrival together in Paris, because it was at Paillard's that they had first seen each other, when he, the leader of the orchestra, played to her as she sat at the table with her princely husband. Another Tzigane musician was leading the orchestra now, and Rigo knew that the leader and all the others were enjoying him sitting there before them with the most beautiful woman in the room, drinking champagne regardless of expense. He could no more conceal his gratification than any other lout of the same breeding, and when, in his efforts to appear at ease, he occasionally leaned across the table to address his mistress his grotesque countenance was distorted into a grin that made him resemble an orang-outang with paresis. The beautiful woman with him, for she is wonderfully beautiful, was as self-satisfied as her companion. So complete was her infatuation that she did not see the sneers nor feel the contempt of the others of her sex, nor the pity of the men. It was only by a piece of luck for the ill-assorted pair that they were enabled to appear together at Paillard's that evening. A crowd of a hundred peasants got together at the station on the Belgian frontier through which the train that carried "M. and Mme. Riquet" was to pass, with the intention of avenging the insult they had put upon a Belgian prince. These high-minded ruffians were unable to appreciate the circumstance that Caraman Chimay's acceptance of money as a salve for his wounded honor had put him on nearly the same level as the gypsy, and they had made proper arrangements to duck the ex-Princess in a pond and tit her lover out with a suit of tar and feathers. Some busybody, however, telegraphed them information concerning the reception that awaited them, and they came on to Paris by another route.

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Rigo reached the pinnacle of his glory on Saturday evening. At La Scala there is being given a variety show that is not calculated to remind an American who has undergone Presbyterian training of the performance at a church sociable. One of the events of this entertainment is based upon the Chimay-Rigo romance. In the scene on the stage a pseudo-princess is ogled by the leader of the orchestra and advances to the footlights wriggling with affected passion, whereupon the leader, gotten up to represent Rigo, climbs over the footlights, embraces her frantically and finally carries her fainting from the stage over his shoulder with her feet in the air.

Desirous of indicating her appreciation of this delicate tribute on the part of the management of La Scala, the ex-Princess took Rigo around there on Saturday evening, purchased the most prominent box in the theatre, close to the stage, and ensconced herself with him conspicuously in the forefront thereof. They were at once recognized by the audience and in a very few moments every eye was turned upon the box where the two lovers sat smiling bland consciousness of the romantic position they occupied. Then a cry for "Rigo!" went up. It was repeated persistently until he rose and bowed his thanks. "Never since the first audience gathered in the first theatre," says Figaro, "was such delight evinced as by the spectators at La Scala. Rigo was acclaimed again and again, and the more and more strenuously as he continued to bow and smirk his acknowledgments."

* * *

He was verily a sight for gods and men with his unblushing honors thick upon him!

It was later, however, that the completeness of his triumph was assured. As the actor cast for the role of Rigo began to make his way over the footlights, when the travesty began, the audience shouted that it desired to have the real Rigo play the part, whereupon Rigo clambered from the box to the stage and kissed the Mme. Rigo du theatre in the presence of the actual Mme. Rigo, who smiled gracious encouragement upon the scene. The path of notoriety leads, of course, to the stage, and thither Mmell Riquet is bound. She has signed a contract to appear in Berlin in a series of living pictures, which are to be accompanied by "M. Ricquet" with appropriate music of his own composition. According to their contract the two are to receive the sum of $2,000 per week. The ex-Princess says that she would prefer to make her debut in Paris, but the Paris managers, to their credit be it said, do not encourage her. She declares that she has refused large offers to appear in New York.

FRANK M. WHITE.

The Coat and the Vote.

[Detroit News.]

While not retreating from the position that "a cheap coat makes a cheap man," the Senate has not forgotten that a dear one makes Democratic votes.

Clearly Refined.

[Detroit News.]

Under Mr. Heath's orders, political activity on the part of postmasters wont be considered offensive partisanship unless it interferes with business, and it wont interfere with business unless it is on the wrong side.